



# RELIQUES

OF THE

# CHRIST

DENIS WORTMAN

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✓  
RELIQUES  
OF  
THE CHRIST

✓✓ BY  
DENIS WORTMAN, D.D

*Ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐν τὸς ὑμῶν ἐστί*

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TO  
MY DEAR WIFE,  
JESSIE BABCOCK WORTMAN,  
**In His Name.**





## RELIQUES OF THE CHRIST.

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### I.

I WONDER if in Nazareth,  
By heedless feet o'errun,  
There lingers still some dear relique  
Of work by Joseph's Son ;  
Some carvèd thought, some tool of toil,  
Some house with stones grown gray,  
A home He built who had not where  
His weary head to lay.

It were a thing most beautiful,  
    Of rare and rich design ;  
And something very true and strong,  
    Made by a skill divine ;  
The road-side stones at sight of Him  
    Could scarce their rapture hush ;  
What felt his touch and art must yet  
    With conscious beauty blush.

I visit Nazareth, ask each man,  
    Each mound, each stone, each wind ;  
“ I pray ye, help some precious trace  
    Of your great Builder find ; ”  
Alas ! ye listeners to my plaint,  
    The startled silence saith :  
“ What once was false, is now too true—  
    No Christ in Nazareth ! ”

But, O my soul, why thus cast down?

A truer Nazareth scan;

What if thou find no time-spoiled work

Of Christ, the Son of Man?—

Joy yet to thee; lift up thy head,

Cast raptured gaze abroad,

See in this vast Christ-built world

Signs of the Son of God.

So Nazareth may silent be,

But earth shall have her song;

And all things true and beautiful,

And all things grand and strong,

And very humblest, too, shall sing:

“Through Him have all things been;

And without Him was nothing made:

Praise ye the Lord! Amen.”

How sacred all things now ! behold,  
    The sun more brightly gleams,  
The night with softer quietude  
    And gentler radiance beams :  
The wandering winds tone down their  
Weird notes to soothing lays,      [wild,  
    The ocean's waves tumultuous leap,  
Lifting their voice in praise.

The skies wave lordlier banner-clouds,  
    Fair fruits more savory seem,  
The flowers breathe daintier fragrances,  
    Wild wastes with verdure teem ;  
The beauty is Christ's handiwork,  
    The light glows from his face,  
The perfume is his spirit ; all  
    Earth's sweetness is his grace.

Ah ! Love is wisest alchemist,  
And Faith the truest test ;  
By it bright Love discovers oft  
In very worst a best ;  
From bitterness extracts a sweet,  
And, by fond joy enticed,  
She cameos out from flinted griefs  
Choice keepsakes of the Christ.

II.

And so I tell thee, O my soul,  
I'll tell it to the earth :  
If Christ have given thee his grace,  
Thou hast right cause for mirth ;  
Thou art thyself such rare relique  
Of Godlike wit and love,  
As hideth not in depths below,  
Or lighteth heights above.

For thy defence bald mountains stand  
    And bare their breasts to storms,  
The valleys are thy vassal slaves ;  
    Behold their prostrate forms !  
Swift winds and waves thy chariots are,  
    Sun, moon, and stars arise  
To give thee light ; to give thee life ;  
    Lo ! the Incarnate dies.

O soul of mine ! I tell thee true,  
    If Christ indeed be thine,  
Not more made He himself thy kin  
    Than makes He thee divine ;  
As through his soul there frequent beat  
    Our human hopes and loves,  
So 'midst thy varying joys and fears  
    His spirit lives and moves.



An Olive in Gethsemane

Sometimes thou fain would'st be,  
Roots watered, branches nourished by  
That blood-sweat shed for thee ;  
Lo, by thy gnarlèd roots He groans  
Who feeds thy life with blood ;  
And through thy spirit-veins distils  
The rich love-life of God.

Judean air thou fain would'st be,  
That to Christ's sacred kiss  
Thou too mightst quiver, and to men  
Repeat his words of bliss ;  
And all around a ruined world  
Of wrath and strife and woe,  
Thine echoes of its full reprieve  
Should never cease their flow.

Be thou such Christ-breathed air, my soul,  
    As lightsome and as free,  
As pure, and soft, and sensitive  
    To all He telleth thee ;  
With gentlest breezes fan his brow,  
    Love's fragrance to Him bear,  
Waft round the earth his words of grace,  
    And heavenward lift his prayer.

## III.

What reverent soul loves not to tread  
    The soil of Palestine,  
And breathe the air, and kiss the sod,  
    Where his worn feet have been ?  
Kneel in the mountains where He prayed,  
    Traverse the storm-calm'd sea,  
Weep in the garden, bear some cross  
    To sacred Calvary ?

But O my soul, as I thy good  
And evil ways explore,  
I seem to see the Christ in thee  
His earthly life live o'er,  
Thou art another Holy Land,  
(Ah, holy mightst thou be !)  
The olden joys and griefs of Christ  
Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,  
No greeting Him with scorn,  
No mountain for his praying,  
No sea by tempest torn,  
No cheer of friends, nor wrath of foes,  
From manger to the tree,  
But finds its faithful counterpart,  
Mysterious heart, in thee.

Thou art that Manger where we see  
    The infant Christ recline ;  
The living, throbbing, human breast,  
    Nursing the Babe divine ;  
Thy low-born thoughts the cattle are,  
    Thy high, the Magi wise :  
Lo, o'er thee singing angels bend  
    And thrill with praise the skies.

Thou art that long-sought Nazarene work,  
    On which with love-taught skill  
The Carpenter who is about  
    His Father's business still,  
Doth toil through sunshine and through  
    And far into the night,      [storm,  
Building a house most beautiful  
    To crown some holy height.

Thou art that Temple where the Lord  
    Out-teacheth scribes of law,  
Whence afterward with cords He makes  
    Coarse mammon-priests withdraw ;  
Thine inmost court, a holy place,  
    The Lord's own glory-home,  
Thine outer sentencing Him oft  
    To shame and martyrdom.

Thou art most fair, Gennessaret  
    With holy depths of calm,  
Thy smile is heaven's portraiture,  
    Thy breath a tender psalm :  
Oh ! who could guess such rageful storms  
    Might spoil thy bright expanse ?  
Who think o'er such sweet lyre \* of God  
    Might thrum such dissonance ?

\* Gennessaret—a lyre.

But wot thou well, my soul, of One  
    Who can thy rage control ;  
Of One who sails serene the sea  
    When waves of wildness roll ;  
The Master speaks—the maniac winds  
    Pause, listening to his will ;  
Then all thy depths of calm return—  
    As He saith : “ Peace, be still.”

Thou art that upper chamber where  
    The Saviour is the guest ;  
Where Judas a vile treason hides,  
    But John leans on his breast ;  
Here breaketh he the mystic bread,  
    Here poureth mystic wine,  
And in a human breast pours forth  
    A prayer, a love, divine.

Thou art the Garden, where the Christ  
Perchance hath oft essayed  
Sweet hours of rest in solitude  
Beneath thine olive shade ;  
Yet, oh, that blood-sweat, oh, that deep,  
That bitter agony  
Of our dear Lord ! my soul, thou art  
His dark Gethsemane !

“ Father, if it be possible,  
Let this cup pass from me ! ”  
My soul, that pleading prayer to God  
Was made in truth to thee ;  
Thou would’st not make it possible ;  
“ Not my will, then, but thine ! ”  
Thou hast thy way ; but, cruel soul,  
What sin hast thou made mine !

What, wilful soul, was Calvary's Cross  
    But thine uplifted pride ;  
What saw thine angered sin so pierced  
    His hands, his feet, his side ?  
Ay, what his thirst but for thy love ?  
    And had the Saviour's heart  
So missed the Father hadst thou but  
    Fulfilled the brother's part ?

Lord, pardon me ! love cannot be  
    By Thee misunderstood ;  
These nails and spear are tokens dear  
    They tell me of thy blood ;  
E'en from my sins my spirit wins  
    This tender, reverent thought ;  
Through sins of mine, by sufferings thine  
    Was my redemption wrought.



But, O my soul, I charge thee well,  
Reliques more noble gain  
Than those which jeopardize thy life,  
And give the Lord such pain ;  
Where be thy tears of penitence,  
Thine inward groans and sighs,  
Thy restful trust, thy weeping love,  
Thy quick self-sacrifice ?

Dear Lord, the crucifier would  
Be crucified by Thee ;  
Turn Thou thy love to instruments  
Of torture sweet to me !  
Thrice welcome, cross and nail and spear !  
Oh, joy of agony !  
I pardon Him that slayeth me,  
Pierced by his love, I die !

More precious now than wooden cross  
The crosses daily borne ;  
Than thorns of old, the griefs by which  
The heart's self-love is torn ;  
Sacred as Calvary's mournful road.  
The rough paths daily trod ;  
But best of all, or cross, or crown,  
As pleaseth Thee, my God !

So this I say, my soul, as I  
Thy devious ways explore ;  
I seem to see the Christ in thee  
His earthly life live o'er ;  
Thou art another Holy Land—  
(Ah, holy mightst thou be !)  
The olden joys and griefs of Christ  
Repeat themselves in thee.

No longing for his coming,  
    No greeting him with scorn,  
No mountain for his praying,  
    No sea by tempest torn ;  
No cheer of friend, no wrath of foe,  
    From manger to the tree,  
But finds its faithful counterpart,  
    Mysterious heart, in thee !

IV.

I wonder hath the World a heart  
    Her Master's pangs to know ;  
I wonder hath she yet forgot  
    That sweet and tender woe ;  
I wonder if her soul doth not  
    Yet quiver with the pain  
That throbbed with earthquake violence  
    When gentle Christ was slain !

Oh, it is beautiful to think,  
That God hath well decreed  
A certain great undyingness  
To live in every deed ;  
A world's unrest, an insect's flight  
Is felt by furthest star ;  
And all our works and words and  
Like us, immortal are.     [thoughts,

And sure, if the great World-Heart notes  
The evening insect-hum,  
Of Calvary's plaintive psalm it ne'er  
Forgetful shall become :  
If Nature minds the pressure slight  
Of erring human feet,  
What thrill when Jesus trod her plains !  
The memory, how sweet !

No need we fondly traverse back  
The ancient centuries through,  
That with Jerusalem's wondering throng  
We may see Jesus too ;  
O eyes so blind ! O ears so deaf  
To this great teaching list !  
The wide world echoes endlessly  
With that strange life of Christ.

Lo, all the air is tremulous  
With his sweet words of grace,  
The rhythmic hints of God-like speech  
In these wild winds we trace ;  
Still in her rocky heart Earth hears  
The echo of his tread,  
And listens with a mute delight  
To all the Master said.

Lo, all the air, so tremulous  
    With his sweet words of grace,  
Still pulsates with the radiance  
    Of his love-lucent face ;  
And the vast ether-world, that bears  
    The news from sun to sun,  
Bids all its myriad wingèd steeds  
    On this new errand run.

Lo ! all the ether-firmament  
    Yet quivers in amaze,  
And will not from the Christ-life draw  
    Its reverential gaze ;  
Now worlds afar that life behold,  
    Yes—they the Christ may see,  
And gaze in sweet, sad wonderment  
    On sad, sweet Calvary !

No wonder, with such news to bear,

So swift thou art, O Light !

No wonder, Earth, thy daily turn

To show all worlds the sight ;

No wonder, now, while we below

Are shrouded in our night,

That ye, O vision-favored Spheres,

Shine forth so glad, so bright !

Ah, Worlds, ye cannot shine too bright,

Nor sing too joyously,

Nor up your infinite highways

March too triumphantly ;

And some day God may give me leave

To go where the visions shine,

And the sight of the Lord and all He did

Shall then, my soul, be thine !

And gay and quick as humming-birds  
    Dart 'mong the flowerets fair,  
Shall be thy rapturous, flashing flight  
    From radiant star to star ;  
Nor such a feast to humming-bird  
    May daintiest honey be,  
As each fresh view of Jesus' life  
    Shall be, my soul, to thee.

O Bethlehem ! O Bethlehem !  
    We'll hear thy choirs again,  
"Glory to God on high ! on earth  
    Peace, and good will to men !"  
The countless peoples of the skies  
    Shall seize the uplifted song,  
And ages over ages pour  
    The tidal psalm along.



Glad City of the angel-song,  
Not *one* star then shall come  
To bow in solitary pause  
O'er thy blest manger-home ;  
Lo, then fulfilled the Patriarch's dream,  
And none shall envious be,  
As sun and moon and all the stars  
Obeisance make to thee !

Then, Worlds, ye cannot shine too bright,  
Nor sing too joyously,  
Nor up your infinite highways  
March too triumphantly ;  
And some day God shall give me leave  
To go where the visions shine ;  
The sight of the Lord and all He did  
Shall, raptured soul, be thine !

But O, ye far-off Times, is all  
    Your mighty wondrousness  
But echo and sad spectacle  
    Of earth's strange wantonness,  
That slew great Christ and buried him  
    Out of its sight and love?  
Oh, hath Christ died so utterly  
    Nor lives somewhere above ;

Somewhere above the lowlands damp  
    Of mournful, shaded earth ;  
Somewhere above these poor mistthoughts  
    Of human hearted birth ;  
Somewhere above the solemn heights  
    Of utmost sentinel star ;  
The living, loving, crownèd Christ,  
    In his august Somewhere ?

V.

There is a City great and strong,  
Twelve gates of precious stones,  
With turrets and high battlements,  
Not needing light of suns ; —  
The streets aglow with fire of gold,  
It hath no sound of strife ;  
In glory all its own it stands  
Beside the stream of Life.

A joy is there that knows no cloy,  
A light that ne'er grows dim,  
A multitude that never cease  
From grateful praise and hymn ;  
Lo, all the sainted sons of earth,  
And angels there I view ;  
And there, O vision glorious,  
There standeth Jesus too !

Jesus, I know 'tis He ; I see

    The mark of nail and spear ;

And on his face I catch the trace

    Of earth-time smile and tear ;

But on his brow a crown shines now,

    And bending hosts adore !

'Tis He, 'tis He who on the tree

    The thorn-crown meekly wore !

O wondrous-fair Jerusalem,

    Shall I thy gates pass through ?

Thy jubilations surely join,

    Thy lordly splendors view ?

O Crucified, O Glorified,

    Shall I thy face behold,

And join the ransomed as they sing

    Along the streets of gold ?

Ah, Time, forgotten now thy toils,  
Thy cares and sins and tears ;  
To my enraptured vision, lo !  
The eternal home appears ;  
And through the Father's palaces  
I shall ecstatic rove,  
Nor weary ever as I sing  
Emmanuel's grace and love.

O Crowns and Thrones and Sapphires,  
Ye glisten in the light ! [how  
Ye cannot flash too far your joy,  
Ye cannot blaze too bright ;  
And some day God shall bid me dwell  
Where the great visions shine,  
The sight of the Lord and all he is  
Shall be the world's and mine.

Thou wondrously fair City, what  
Can mean thy dazzling light ?  
And what thy golden pavements broad ?  
Thy singers robed in white ?  
What mean thy walls bejewelled, what  
Thy gates of pearl so strong ;  
Now thine impressive silences,  
Now thy far-sounding song ?

## VI.

A dream ! The City of the Christ  
And that of Love are one ;  
For each the fairest is, and best  
The sons of God have known ;  
They are the one broad sovereignty,  
They have the one high throne,  
And Christ ne'er is where Love rules not,  
From furthest zone to zone.

Love is a city, wall'd and tower'd,  
With bulwarks builded high,  
On every foe they rise to frown,  
And foolish passer-by ;  
Full pearly-gated, too, is she,  
Three gates on every side,  
Which for the worn and weary hearts  
Stand alway open wide.

Her streets are of pure gold, as though  
Transparent glass one sees,  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness  
And all her paths are peace ;  
And in Love's city is no curse,  
No shadows darken there,  
The Lamb, the light thereof, doth make  
All lustrous everywhere.

The clear Life-River through her midst  
    In grateful fulness flows,  
Upon whose banks the Tree of Life  
    With healing leafage grows ;  
Nor hunger there, nor pain of thirst,  
    Love casteth out all fears,  
And God most gently wipes away  
    The traces of our tears.

O wondrous New Jerusalem,  
    From Heaven thou art come down !  
On earth thy firm foundations are,  
    Here wareth Christ his crown ;  
Here for the symbols of his reign  
    We rightful search begin ;  
O loveliest Christ, O Christliest Love,  
    Thy kingdom is within !



Here is the radiant glory,  
And here the rapture song,  
The multitudinous angels,  
The vast redeemèd throng ;  
The pavement fair and golden,  
Life's River broad and pure,  
Christ's true Jerusalem sounding  
Redemption's overture !

The Resurrection trumpet ! It  
Hath sounded o'er my soul,  
Its loud reverberations  
Roll forth from pole to pole ;  
The mountains rise in terror,  
The valleys bend in prayer ;  
The sea grows hoarse with moaning,  
The skies with anger glare.

The Resurrection trumpet ! It  
Hath sounded o'er the soul ;  
Through all her mystic vastnesses  
The solemn thunders roll ;  
From out their long imprisonment  
The waiting dead arise,  
To hail the Master, marshalling  
His armies in the skies !

Ah ! not with dread appear the dead  
Before the Master now ;  
Beneath his crown no darkling frown ;  
Sweet mercy lights his brow ;  
For this fair day have waited they  
In dark confinement long :  
Now burst they forth from tombs of earth ;  
Now bursteth forth their song.

O throbbing Hopes of years gone by,  
Ye weak yet holy Cares,  
O blushing, panting, fainting Loves,  
Ye sad yet sweet Despairs,  
True Souls within my soul ye be,  
Nor need, nor shall ye die ;  
Long-buried saints of God, arise,  
Redemption draweth nigh !

And now they rise, long-buried rise  
From out the tainted tomb ;  
From deathful sin's enthrallment spring  
To Paradise's bloom ;  
Sown in corruption basest, rise  
In whiteness as the light ;  
Dishonored, rise illustrious,  
From weakness rise to might !

Oh, ravishment unspeakable  
    With which their Lord they greet ;  
With Love's surprised bewilderment  
    They cast them at his feet ;  
No Day of Judgment grand and dread,  
    No *dies iræ* this,  
But grand, imposing vestibule  
    To their immortal bliss.

The bliss of quick obedience  
    To his low-whispered will,  
The bliss of holy idleness  
    When He shall bid, stand still ;  
The rapture of a chieftain's soul  
    When He to arms shall call,  
Hope's jubilant expectancy  
    Of triumph over all.

O Resurrection morning,  
    Entrancing tearless eyes !  
O chants of fairest angels,  
    Thrilling these mystic skies !  
Thou strange, unworldly world within  
    That Jesus died to save,  
In thee no sigh nor moaning now,  
    No melancholy grave !

Thou fair Jerusalem of God,  
    Supernally away  
Above our most adventurous thoughts ;  
    Thou art with us to day ;  
In human hearts hast thou thy throne,  
    Here, Lord, thy servants be,  
To stand before thy face, and do  
    Thy will right loyally.

Here is the radiant glory,  
    And here the rapture-song ;  
Here multitudinous angels,  
    And the redeemèd throng ;  
The pavement fair and golden,  
    The river broad and pure ;  
The true Jerusalem swelling  
    Redemption's overture !

## VII.

Ay, now, thou dear Jerusalem,  
    God bless and bless thee ever,  
With crystal fulness flow thy peace  
    As flows thy gentle river ;  
Thy streets and temples hallowed be  
    With joy and song unending ;  
Thy sainted fears and prayers and hopes  
    Before God's throne low bending.

But fear and pain steal o'er my soul,  
My joy to grief gives birth ;  
The clouds that glorify the sky  
Cast shadows on the earth ;  
Songs the Immortals sing, if touched  
By mortal discord, jar,  
And earthly incompletenesses  
A heavenly vision mar !

O City, temple, song of God,  
From Heaven thou art come down,  
With all thy rich magnificence  
And all thy just renown ;  
There stood thy walls well builded, all  
Immaculate thy white,  
Thy hymns ne'er ununisonant,  
Unmarrèd thy delight.

Lo! on the cragged mountain heights,  
    And on the marshy plain,  
Can Heaven's castellated walls  
    A safe foundation gain?  
Can our earth-air so lowering,  
    So light a song maintain?  
Shall not its clearest crystalness  
    The heavenly lustre stain?

Ah, well! there be wild storms that give  
    A nobler close to-day,  
Indignant lightnings thresh the skies  
    To fright the plague away,  
Mayhap some waters sweeter prove  
    For trailing through the meadows,  
God's light may all the choicer be  
    For sifting through the shadows!



Songs of my soul ! discordant  
    Their notes may sometimes be ;  
Unversed the minstrel, broken  
    The puzzled melody ;  
Untuned the harp and viol ;  
    But (fond conceit to me,)  
If pleasing be this tuning,  
    What shall the music be ?

O Master-BUILDER, quarry from  
    My heart the rock-hard part ;  
Nor mind the pain if Thou but gain  
    Chance for thy perfect art ;  
The valleys fill, mountain and hill  
    Smoothe down, and safe on them  
Rear loftier walls and palaces  
    Of the New Jerusalem.

O Master-Artist, these wild peaks .

Convert to temple spires,

On all these swelling hills of pride

Kindle thine altar fires ;

These pestilential fogs uplift

Pure incense-clouds on high ;

And with what damps and darkens earth

Incarnadine the sky.

O Master-Singer, frozen song

This heart-world sure must be ;

Breathe Thou upon it, it shall melt

To one soft symphony ;

The strange spell that enthralls it now

Thou sure canst disenchant,

And blend into rich song the strains

So sad, so dissonant.

Lord God, mountains and clouds and seas  
To thy grand choir belong,  
Thy lightning like a gemmed baton  
Beats time for the thunder-song ;  
Rule Thou in this wild nature, Lord,  
These passion-tempests calm,  
And from the myriad clang and jar  
Evoke the noble psalm.

Ay, as the night's deep darkness makes  
More radiant the dawn ;  
As life's most hallowed, hallowing joys  
Are oft from sorrows drawn ;  
As minor strains the noblest song's  
Rich pathos may improve :  
Our shadowing sins may make the more  
Illustrious thy love.

The fractured glass shall daintily  
    Caress the sunbeam white,  
Teasing into a rainbow smile  
    The frightened, trembling light ;  
Lord, Thou canst use our brokenness  
    To gem the heavenly wall,  
And through our faults and frailties screen  
    Transplendent grace o'er all.

Not less is thy true kingdom here  
    Because of human weakness ;  
Not less thy joy in us because  
    Our fall hath led to meekness ;  
Our praise is not less grateful, Lord,  
    Because well mixed with praying ;  
Nor find we Welcome-Home less warm  
    Because returned from straying !

Dear Christ, not in poor Palestine  
    Poor signs of Thee we trace ;  
Not through the boundless star-shine  
    For semblance of thy face ;   [search  
Not for a far-off earth-time wait  
    Our Saviour to behold,  
Nor gaze beyond the stream of death  
    Through yonder gates of gold.

The stars be near, the times be here ;  
    And walls all diamond-strewn ;  
The myriad throng, the golden song,  
    And the eternal throne ;  
Here seraphim and cherubim  
    Before Thee reverent bow ;  
Lord Jesus, we too worship Thee,  
    We see Thee here and now !

To our long yearning, waiting hearts

Thou hast this word to say :

“ He sees the Master’s face who loves

The Master to obey ;

My father and my mother they

Who gladly do my will ;

They serve Me well who for my poor

The cup of blessing fill ! ”

Oh, sacred joy to us who long

His absence have deplored,

To see in living human forms

The kindred of our Lord !

O Servant-Master, make us such

True servants to mankind,

That they grateful memorial

Of Thee in us may find.

So search we, Lord, not for some rare  
Far visions of thy face ;  
In present loves and joys and toils  
Let us thy spirit trace ;  
In brave contentions for the right,  
Forgivenesses of wrong,  
The fears that hope, the tears that smile,  
Weak lives by faith made strong.

How dreadful every place with God,  
Solemn each soul with Him  
Before whom on exalted throne  
Bow wingèd cherubim !  
Oh ! ours with reverence to treat  
The heart where He abides,  
And bless the world o'er which the Lord  
With august grace presides !

Yes, Saviour dear, Thou art most near,  
    When most afar we deem,  
And all is right and full of light  
    That dark and wrong doth seem.  
Thou hast thy will when frowning ill  
    Our doubting hearts affrights ;  
Ah, had we only better known  
    Thy love's great depths and heights !

Jesus, the world, so wordly, is  
    Yet very full of Thee ;  
Restless with the imprisoned God  
    The tempest and the sea :  
In dark and tortuous veins are hid  
    Mountains of ancient light,  
In human weakness part of God's  
    Yet undeveloped right.



To them that love thy will, O Christ,  
There is no lack of Thee ;  
Only our deafness will not hear,  
Our blindness will not see ;  
Earth's discords are the surplus strains  
That beat in wildness round ;  
Her darkness, surplus light with which  
Unseen stars strew the ground !

VIII.

I think of that brave instrument,\*  
Most wonderful, whereby  
From all the harsh and Babel cries  
That our sore senses try,  
The listening ear may sort the strains  
That best her fancy please,  
Singling from sounds most clangorous  
Harmonious symphonies.

\* *The Silent Melodeon*.—See Appendix.

Amidst the city's din are heard  
    The bells of Sabbath ringing,  
And through the factory's buzz and hum  
    The songs of children singing :  
Through the deep solemn chimes of war  
    The hymns of home are gliding ;  
Behind resounding thunder-blasts  
    The timid choirs are hiding.

Faith is that wondrous instrument  
    Whereby the soul may hear  
Amid the woes and wails of life  
    The songs of hope and cheer ;  
We stand among the myriad sounds  
    That fill the troubled earth,  
And ever choose the strains we will  
    Of sadness or of mirth.

We sit beside the groaning sea  
Of human fear and sorrow,  
And catch immortal symphonies  
From God's eternal Morrow ;  
Within us fares the fearful fray  
Of many hosts contending,  
Yet well we hear the victor-cries  
O'er contests grandly ending.

Oh ! hoarse the shouts and wild the fray  
Where fight the good and ill,  
And how shall we keep courage up  
With God so far, so still ?  
And human breasts are filled with dread,  
As, mingling in the din,  
They wonder when the Lord shall bid  
Grace to o'ermaster sin.

God ! hear what dreadful wraths and  
    Threaten thy noblest plan ;     [cries  
What wicked powers and plots of hell !  
    What fateful schemes of man !  
Huge Wrong stands oft times uppermost,  
    And Right lies humbled low ;  
And to discouraged ones it seems  
    That Thou wilt have it so !

Great songs of God are fast inclosed  
    In the world-organ vast,  
The winds sweep up the quivering pipes  
    In stormy, angry blast ;  
But Faith sits at the organ-board,  
    And deftly strikes the keys,  
'Tis weird, 'tis grand, how earthly reeds  
    Breathe heavenly melodies !

Blow slow, blow fast, thou maddened  
blast,

Thou shalt but Christ-songs bring  
To trusting minds ! Blow, Winter winds,  
Blow hard—ye speed the Spring.  
Wild hurricanes, the tender strains  
Of love Faith makes ye blow ;  
As though the angels, strong and strange,  
Hosannas flung below.

Give me the ear, my God, to hear  
The songs the angels sing me,  
Give me the eye that shall descry  
With joy the joys they bring me !  
To my poor heart the power impart  
To know that Thou art near me ;  
And let Love listen to the Christ  
Who longs with love to cheer me.

Oh, for the ear that hearkening  
    In stillness rapt and holy,  
Misses no undertone of song  
    Howe'er so soft and lowly ;  
The ear that notes the mystic psalms  
    The mystic choirs are singing ;  
God louder in his silences  
    Than clouds when thunders flinging !

Oh, for the eye that out beyond  
    The stars spies others gleaming,  
That scans the Unbeheld as real,  
    The Seen as only seeming ;  
The eye that earthly blindness helps  
    To spiritual seeing,  
And deep within the inmost finds  
    The richer, fuller being !

Through all thy myriad crowding worlds,  
In vain I search for Thee,  
Till by thy clearer vision Thou  
Searchest and savest me ;  
Then, Master, I essay no more  
To find the holy spot  
Where dwellest Thou ; I wondering ask,  
Where shall I find Thee not ?

Dear Christ, in this unworthy heart  
Dwell with celestial grace,  
Let the whole world be splendid with  
The glory of thy face ;  
While we below far upward press  
Our arduous, ardent way, [down,  
Thy heavens, O Lord of Hosts, bring  
And here thy power display !

Here be the radiant glory,  
     And here the rapture-song,  
 Here multitudinous angels,  
     And the full-ransomed throng ;  
 The City fair and golden,  
     Life's River, broad and pure ;  
 Thy New Jerusalem, sounding  
     Redemption's Overture !





## APPENDIX.

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Page 51.—“I THINK OF THAT BRAVE INSTRUMENT.”

EVER since I read of *The Silent Melodeon* I have loved to think of it as a striking illustration of the manner in which the trusting, loving spirit will hear songs of Christ in all possible discords and tumults of the world ; and have ventured so to employ it here. For a full account of this peculiar instrument, see *Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1868*, p. 463, from which I abstract and condense the following :

“*The Silent Melodeon*.—In 1868, M. Daguin, a French physician, invented the analyzing cornet by which, out of a confused body of sound, of many different notes, he could separate and make audible by itself alone any particular note at pleasure. This instrument consists of several tubes, opening and shutting together, like those of a telescope. By varying the length of the instrument, the length and volume of the column of inclosed air will also be changed to an equal extent. In this way, by lengthening and shortening the cornet, certain notes are emphasized, and heard separately from the others.

"In The Silent Melodeon the volume of the column of air is not changed as in the cornet, but remains constantly the same; and the sound is modulated through holes in the tube, which are opened and shut by the fingers, like a flute. The tube is bell-mouthed at one end, and closed at the other with a perforated button which in use is pressed against the ear. By varying the order of opening the holes, the desired note is separated from the other mingling sounds, and is distinctly and separately heard.

"With this instrument all the notes of the gamut can be made audible, with no other base than the confused body of mingling sounds. A tune can be played, heard by no one but the person using the instrument. He will hear a melody, audible only to himself, through an instrument which makes no sound. He selects the notes he chooses. M. Daguin has named this instrument The Silent Melodeon, because it plays a tune without creating a sound.

"One of these, a three-holed instrument on which a perfect major chord can be sounded, has been presented by M. Daguin to the Academy. For the purpose of producing what corresponds to double-vision, he has made use of two instruments, one at each ear. The separate notes, diverse in sound, but equal in vibration, seem one."











